CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST....BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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LETTER TO THE POPE.

Our correspondent in Malta, in a letter recently received, says: "The Rev. Dr. Desanctis, formerly a popular preacher of the Romish Church in the city of Rome itself, and now a faithful Protestant preacher in Italian, in this island, has lately addressed a letter to the Pope in Gaeta, the manuscript of which has been duly forwarded to that place. He has also printed the same in the CATTOLICO CRISTIANO, an Italian religious periodical published in Malta, of which he is the editor."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Believing that *our* readers will be interested in such a letter, we make a few extracts from it as it appeared in the Observer. The extracts will show that there is a leaven at work in the heart of humanity; that the bosom of the very Church is laboring to free itself from pontifical rule, and men are gradually coming to know the truth which "maketh free indeed." Here follows the curate's letter:

"Luigi Desanctis, formerly curate in Rome, and now minister of the holy Gospel, to Pius IX, Bishop of Rome:

Grace and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ. It is the duty of every Christian to offer consolation to the afflicted. You, O holy father, are afflicted, and I desire, as far as in me lies, not to be wanting in this my duty. Do not despise my words, O holy father. It is an exile, who for religious motives has left his native country, in order to be able freely to profess the pure religion of the Gospel, that addresses you, O illustrious exile; though you are an exile from political motives, and for the sake of temporal dominion. My words shall be such as are becoming in a follower of the Gospel. I therefore do not believe that I shall merit the reproach of having passed beyond the line of my duty. You, of course, must recognize me as a priest, for you yourself imposed hands upon me. Now, Girolamus, a priest of Rome like me, once wrote admonitions and exhortations to Damasus, a pope like you. Bernardus, a priest like me, once wrote reproofs, rebukes, and admonitions to Eugenius, a pope like you.

I declare, however, that I should most willingly have remained silent, had I not read your "protest" of the 14th of February, which clearly shows the fatal error into which you have fallen. In that protest you ascribe your fall to *man*, and you wish not to recognize the hand of God which smites you, perhaps to draw you to salvation.

You should rather consider that God is weary of afflicting his church. He is weary of bearing with a man who, against his holy Word—against the Gospel, usurps the prerogatives of Divinity,—calling himself *infallible, vice-God, most holy;* and giving to himself other similar titles which are names of blasphemy. (Rev. 13.) In saying these things to you, I do not mean to speak against you personally, but against the papal usurper of those privileges which Jesus Christ has purchased for his church with his own blood.

You well know, from the Sacred Scriptures, that when God wishes to chastise *a people*, he touches their nationality; and this is one of the most terrible of threatenings which God uttered against the Jews by the mouth of Moses and the prophets,—a threatening many times fulfilled upon that perverse nation. And God, in destroying the nationality of the Jews, did not use his own saints or his own prophets as instruments, but, on the contrary, he used the wicked, whom, afterwards, in his own time, he punished. Thus Nebuchadnezzar, the first destroyer of the nationality of the Jews, was condemned to become as a beast, and to live seven years among the brutes. (Dan. iv. 33.)

Consider, O Pius, that the popes, for their own advantage, have sold the nationality of poor Italy. God has permitted it, in punishment for the sins of our fathers; but, we may say, that his anger has ceased, and he is appeased by our being sacrificed for ten centuries; and, at length, he is about to cause his indignation to rest upon the author of Italy's captivity. If God is about to raise up Italy, he will beat down her oppressor.

And do you not perceive the blindness with which God has smitten the popes for some time past? Not to refer, for examples, to the blindness of your predecessors, (though the example of Gregory XVI. would be a striking illustration,) I will only speak of your own. Call to mind the first days of your reign; what did your most docile people demand of you? *Reform;* and what did you answer? You gave a hypocritical promise of amnesty. Yes, hypocritical,—confess it to your humiliation before God,—because, whilst with honeyed words, you granted a pardon, which you could not refuse; by a secret circular, you ordered the persecution of the pardoned, and with a traitor's hand, you communicated to Austria a description of those who had become politically compromised. You cherished the hope that these secrets would remain forever hid, and herein consists your blindness.

Your people still cried out for reform, and you ordered the construction of railroads, whilst secretly, you put every object in the way, that they might never be built. You ordered infant instruction, but, by a secret circular, you fettered the mode of instruction in such a manner that it could not possibly accomplish the object in view. You invoked a council of deputies from the provinces, but then, in point of fact, you would not listen to their consels. But of what use is it for me to proceed farther? Consult your own conscience before God, and you will find that to every principle of reform which you granted at the demand of your people, there was opposed a secret act for entirely nullifying it. Read over again your

last encyclical letter, and you will see whether the papacy that speaks in that, seeks to rectify its egregious errors."

We might mention some Popes in days of yore, who would, no doubt, have victimized such dissenters from the faith and obedience of the divine See. But he proceeds:

"God has humbled you, that he might lead you to amend your ways; yea, he has used the very hypocrisy by which you endeavored to rivet the chains of Italy, as an instrument for breaking those chains asunder. One pope reduced Italy to slavery, and another pope will be the cause of her liberation; but he will not have the glory of it. Recognize, therefore, O Pius, the hand of Omnipotence, which lies heavily upon you, not for the sake of crushing you personally, but of destroying the temporal dominion of popery,—a dominion anti-evangelical, and expressly forbidden by Him whose vicar you claim to be, when he said, "My kingdom is not of this world. The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, * * * but it shall not be so among you."

Your counsellors have deceived you. They have abused your religion and your good faith. They have cast you down from a precipice, and when they shall find it no longer for their account to stand by you, they will abandon you. Do not therefore any longer listen to their counsel, but humbling yourself under the mighty hand of God, who smites you in order to save you, profit by the affliction which the good and loving Father has sent upon you. Call to mind the sweet words of Jesus: "Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But permit me, O holy father, (for such I call you from the respect I cherish towards you) in this place to remind you that it is not possible to go to God except through Jesus Christ, who is *the way, the truth and the life.* You call yourself the vicar of Jesus Christ, and in good faith you believe yourself to be such. Granted that it is so. I will not now contend with you about this title; but, addressing you according to this your own belief, I say, if you are persuaded that you are the vicar of Christ, you ought to be an imitator of him. Open now the holy Evangelists and consider how immeasurable is the distance between *him* and *a pope!* Jesus Christ said (John 18: 36) *My kingdom is not of this world,* but you say, *My kingdom* is *of this world;* and you say it, using the deceptive practices of kings; and you say it in the name of the Gospel which forbids it to you,—in the name of Jesus Christ, whose vicar you claim to be,—in the name of St. Peter, of whom you say you are the successor,—as if either Christ or Peter held a temporal kingdom! Deprived of this kingdom, you might, as far as this point goes, liken yourself to Jesus Christ, and be obedient to his command.

Jesus Christ said (Matt. 8: 20,) that *he had not as much as a place to lay his weary head;* but you in the name of Jesus Christ vindicate your temporal possessions. God, in depriving you of these possessions, wishes to attach you to himself and to himself alone, that thus you may secure the blessings promised by Christ to the poor, and avoid the terrible maledictions directed by him against the rich. Jesus Christ so loved his church that he gave his own blood for it, (Eph. 5: 23, 26,) but you have abandoned it! Jesus Christ declared that he was come to give spiritual life to all his children (John 10: 10,) but, you, who claim to be his vicar, hurl anathemas against them! and if God were to confirm your sentence, all your former subjects would be damned! Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, went out from the fold, in order to bring back into it the lost sheep (Luke 15, John 10,) but you have deserted the fold, leaving the flock to run at random; and thus you have brought upon yourself (not upon your former subjects) the anathema fulminated by Christ himself, and you are condemned as a *hireling* and not the true shepherd, (John 10: 12.)

Open, I beseech you, the Gospel, and reflect seriously upon that sacred Book and not upon the adulations of courtiers; and under whatever aspect you compare yourself with our Master, Jesus Christ,—whose vicar you claim to be,—you will see that there is the greatest possible distance between you and him. Let this reflection penetrate you deeply, and you will know the great mercy God has showed to you in taking away temperal power from you. Without this power you may become a true and proper shepherd, and thus be like Jesus, the Good Shepherd. You will then not be influenced by human considerations, and political evasions, which now hinder you from the exercise of the pastoral office. You will no more abandon your flock, for, as *pastor*, and *not king*, you will both love and beloved. Deprived of this power, your official pride will be diminished, and, consequently, humbled before the Father of lights, you will open the Gospel, that you may learn your duty, and put it in practice; and the veil that for more than ten centuries has kept your predecessors in darkness, shall fall from your eyes, and looking to the Gospel, and not to decrees, to know what you ought to do, you will conform your life to that Holy Book.

The curate closes his letter in the following supplicatory language:

"May the God of mercy, and the Father of consolation, open your mind, dissipate its darkness, and cause his word to shine upon you! May He open your heart, and inflame it with love towards our Lord Jesus Christ, and with holy zeal to proclaim the holy Gospel in its purity and simplicity; and may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ keep your mind and heart always in his truth."

Malta, March 12, 1849.

Here, surely, are very strong doubts, freely expressed, touching the infallibility of the Pope, and we are induced to believe the letter will do good. There are others besides Popes and Papists who would do well to heed some of the admonitions of the curate; those who reverence more what their preacher says than they do what the Bible has said. The young man who, on being asked who was the father of Zebedee's children, replied he would go and ask his minister, is not alone in the world. The Church, the Christian world should "open the Gospel," read for themselves, and try their preacher's character, and doctrines, and pretensions by this standard. "Better days are coming;" "Truth is mighty, and it will prevail."

B. B. H.

Original.

THE PURE LIFE.

The apostle Paul exhorted his brethren at Rome—that they present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable unto God. This he said was their reasonable service. And this exhortation of the apostle, so important then, is none the less so now. It applies with equal force, to the professed Christian in every age.

Let us consider it as applied to us. For in all its main features, our condition, is similar to that of the early Christians. We have made profession of that Divine Faith which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets, since the world began—that holy religion

which declares God to be the Father of all; mankind one great brotherhood, having common rights and interests in the earth, and a common home beyond the grave; which teaches us to love God supremely, and to do to others as we would have others do to us; which teaches that kindness possesses a mightier influence than cruelty and severity, that Good is more potent than Evil, and will finally triumph over it. We have embraced this faith, while surrounded by a sinful and unbelieving world—a world proud and erring—which clings to the darkest lines of a heathen theology, while it is infidel to many of the holiest truths of the Christian religion. That world, hating the beautiful and simple religion of Christ, looks upon it with a jealous eye, and is ever watchful to discover something of wrong—something in the lives of its adherents, which will afford an opportunity of casting reproach upon it. Yes, the world around us is infidel to this faith, and gladly would they find occasion to hinder its progress, or even sweep it from the earth. Hence the reason why they are continually warring against it.

But the best defence which this religion can have, is that of a *correct life*. Let those who profess it, but live up to their professions; this will silence all opposition, and give to our work a perfect triumph. It is of but little avail that we possess the best and purest of all faiths, if we do not live in accordance with its teachings. However pure and holy may be the doctrines we hold, if we neglect to practices them, we will be but little the better for possessing them. A mere acknowledgment of Christ, and profession of his religion is not enough. It is necessary that we present ourselves a *living* sacrifice. It is true, the basis of true religion, is a pure faith. But inspiration declares that "*faith without works is dead.*" Our lives and deeds must accord with our profession of faith, otherwise that faith is but a name—a body without life.

A *holy faith*, and a *pure life*, these make up the whole of true religion. In the absence of either of these, religion loses its vitality. Its force and influence are lost, both upon ourselves and the world. It ceases to purify and exalt our own natures, while it becomes foolishness, and a stumbling block to an unbelieving world. But where these two are united—a holy faith, and a pure life—then our religion assumes a living form, it becomes a beautiful reality, a blessing to ourselves, and the power of God to the world.

It is necessary that we live our doctrines, if we would make any impression upon the world, if we would promulgate our religion. It is but of little consequence for us to preach our doctrines—to proclaim them to the world, if we contradict those doctrines by the practices of our lives. Our most arduous endeavors to disseminate the truths of our religion must fail, our preaching must become vain, unless seconded by a corresponding purity of life, and holiness of action. We place but little confidence in that man who preaches one thing, and practices another. His teachings may all be correct enough, but coming from one, who, while he proclaims them with his lips, at the same time denies them in his life, they become destitute of all effect—they cease to move and influence us. Man must be consistent, his actions must accord with his words. It will not answer to preach without practising. He who does this can be of no real service to any cause. It is an old proverb, but as true as it is old—a proverb that loses nothing by repetition, that "example is better than precept." Yes, if either must be dispensed with, let the precept—the profession go, and let us have the perfect walk—the pure life. Action, upright, correct action, has a mightier influence than words. It will work conviction sooner, and leave a deeper and more lasting impression upon the minds of men.

Let us then consider well this fact, and strive to live in accordance with its dictates. Ours is a responsible position. Sacred is the trust imparted to us. With us, for this present time, at least, rests the honor and progress of that faith given to the world by the Divine Master—that faith, hallowed by the prayers of the mount—the tears of the garden—and the agony of the cross. The work that now devolves on us was commenced eighteen centuries ago. Christ and his Apostles performed their part, glorified God in the earth, finished the work given them to do, and rested from their labors. Then it was given into other hands. At different eras God raised up men, faithful and true, who cherished and promoted it; men whose lives were marked by a worthy self-denial, a heroic devotion to its interests. And they too—the martyr spirits have passed away. The Reformers too, are gone. Those holy men of God, Luther, Malancthon and Huss, have passed to their final rest. Winchester and Murray too, have gone home. They have labored, one and all, these holy men, that they might bear their witness to the truth, and serve the cause of Christ. And now, here in this age, the cause for which they labored, for which they toiled and spent their lives, is entrusted to us. Truly, we have been honored with a great calling. O! that we might feel the importance of our trust, that we might realize the greatness of our work! That work is not for a day only, for a year, or for an age, but for all times. Our deeds humble though they may seem, will tell to all future ages. As the ripple, made upon the calm surface at the sea shore, will extend far out into the bosom of the ocean—so will our deeds extend their circles far on and on to coming time. And now, how shall we discharge the trust committed to our hands? Shall we neglect this work? Shall we prove recreant to this high trust? By our lives shall the cause be brought to reproach? Or shall we so live and act that the cause shall be blessed and prospered in our hands? If now, we prove untrue to the work committed to our care, the progress of the cause, for this present time at least, must stop. And then, the world that lies in wickedness around us, will have cause to rejoice, sinful men will point the finger of ridicule, and new calumny be added to our already over-persecuted faith. Brethren—professors of our Holy Religion! shall this be? Shall the cause suffer through our dereliction of duty? In no way can the progress of our work be hindered, so effectually, as by a want of a correct life on the part of its professors. Opposition and persecution are nothing. These may be met and overcome. But the unholy life of the professed Christian is an evil that lies at the very foundation of religion, which destroys its vitality and delivers it up weakened and powerless into the hands of its enemies. It is in one word the greatest evil with which the cause can be burdened. Under its baneful influence, it cannot prosper. And so also on the other hand—the correct life of its adherents is the highest good with which the cause can be blessed.

If professed Christians would but live their doctrines, show by an active, *living* sacrifice, that they love God supremely, and their neighbor as themselves; were they to live in the constant practice of all the beautiful virtues of their religion, how soon would the slanderous tongue be stilled! how soon would the skeptics' railing cease! and an infidel world be brought to see that our faith is divine reality.

For our own good then, for the prosperity of our cause, for the good of man, let us live the doctrines we profess. This will bring happiness to ourselves, honor to our work, good to the world.

Beautiful indeed, is the life of the practical Christian. Powerful the influence it exerts upon the world. It speaks with a language more eloquent than that of words. This is that *living* sacrifice, from which a pure incense ever ascends to the throne of the Father. This is the sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.

Original.

BRIEF TOUGHTS ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS

NUMBER SIX.

CHRISTIANITY AND SYMPATHY.

It is one of the great aims of Christianity, in the fulfilment of its great design of social renovation, to brighten and strengthen the chord of sympathy. Aiming, as it does, to humanize all our thoughts, principles, and actions—it enjoins on us a mutual performance of all those kindly offices, that tend to lighten the burdens of life; to a tender regard of the feelings of our fellows; to a broad and kindly interest in their welfare; and to a generous aid of the poor, the afflicted, the suffering. All these duties are embodied in the requirement—"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

He who is unfaithful to this, is unfaithful to the great law of his being; and is in darkness with reference to the real sources of happiness. I know of no enjoyment less mingled with bitterness than that which is felt in the performance of a philanthropic deed; in the manifestation of true sympathy for the poor man's wrongs, for the bondman's dishonor, for the mourner's grief. In the soothed waves of sorrow, in the mute thankfulness of the sufferer, in the silent pressure of the hand at parting—there is infinitely more of bliss than passion or wealth have ever bestowed, or the longing mind ever craved of sin.

Let us recognize this, then, as a duty: If the poor are around us, let us go to them with the aid we possess, give them the hand of sincere regard, manifest an interest in their plans, wishes, and hopes, and soothe, as we may, the cares that mingle in their lot. If the bereaved and suffering are around us, let us go to them with the mild soft voice of tenderness and pity, suggesting themes of consolation, unsealing the well-springs of hope. Here lies the pathway of the Christian and the Man. Here is unfolding beauty, glory, greatness, and delight. Here are the foot-prints of Jesus, and here falls the light of his heavenly approval.

Sympathy lays upon all mankind an everlasting bond. Its claims are not to cease with this life, and the events of this transitory being. What is here but a half-awakened sentiment, must be, in the world of spirits, a soul-grounded and vigorous principle. The faint idea we here have of Brotherhood, must there become a Fact as palpable as our own existence, and as all-pervading as life itself. Hence, so far from our mutual regard weakening in the next world,—it must, from the very nature of our constitution, and the character of the Future, immeasurably strengthen.

And so great must be the progress in the brightening of this sympathetic chain, that what is pain there to the remotest and most inferior member of God's great family, must be pain to you, to me, to all. We are taught that the human race form, in the design of God, but one great moral body, whose head is Jesus Christ, from whose life-giving capacities flow the endless streams of Love and Union, which consolidate and perfect this gigantic body. And we are taught expressly and forcibly, that if one member of this Body suffers, all the other members suffer with it. In the Future, this body will be consolidated and perfected, and with it a tender and infinite sympathy established.

In the light of these facts, what becomes of the idea which supposes an eternal separation in the future; a dismemberment of God's moral empire; a bestowment of a part of those we have known and loved in this world, on the devil and his sable ministers? The idea not only violates our notion of justice, not only disfigures the beautiful proportions of the Divine Character, but it runs counter to the fundamental law of our being—that law by which we recognize man as a brother, and by which we interest ourselves in his joys and his sorrows.

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," must be as binding in eternity, as in time, because based upon the dictates of our better being. And as those dictates will be more imperative in the future than here, what an endless array of follies and difficulties becloud the Divine plans, character, and kingdom, in view of the theory of partialists! The beauty and harmony of Heaven are violated by the deformity and discord of Hell; for the blest *will* sympathize with the lost, and the higher their exaltation the profounder their sympathy, and consequently the greater their dissatisfaction—through an eternal range of being.

The plain truth is, you cannot separate the interests of mankind, without producing confusion, misery, and death. You cannot divide that Body of which Christ is the Head, without interrupting its life-currents and depriving it of vitality, any more than you can divide a human corporeal form, without fatal results. * * Proclaim this truth from your streets and your house-tops, until men receive it and walk amid its glory. It will divest man of his partiality; it will render Christianity a more Divine bestowment; it will fulfil, "in the dispensation of the fulness of time," the highest, broadest, and holiest demand of Christian sympathy.

Norwich, Conn.

Original.

ENDLESS MISERY.

It has often been my unpleasant lot since I have embraced the doctrine of Liberal Christianity, to witness the horrid effects of the doctrine of endless misery on the minds of individuals, especially at camp-meetings, and "revivals of religion." Women have been in such anguish of mind under the preaching of this doctrine, that they have paid no attention to their families, not even to their infant children, for several days. Men have been taken up in an insane state, and remained so for days, and a strict watch has been required to prevent them from committing suicide.

In looking over some papers a few days ago, I found the following notice of the death of a young man, whose disposition was naturally sedate, studious, and thoughtful, and he applied himself to learning with much diligence and industry.

"Mr. Kollock, son of the Rev. Shephard Kollock, committed suicide by cutting his throat in Elizabethtown, N. J. He was engaged as a school teacher, and no cause has been asigned for the act unless it be the doctrine of Presbyterianism."

I was acquainted with this amiable young man; he was a member of Rev. N. Murray's church; the doctrine of endless misery affected his mind and his understanding, and his cry was, that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that God was his enemy, and had forsaken him. In this melancholy desperation, before many days expired, he stole away and committed suicide. This was the end of this promising young man.

Should not the public be aroused by the friends of Liberal Christianity to oppose a doctrine, which is thus spreading its deadly venom in our land? Shall the doctrine be promulgated and allowed to spread its desolating effects over the community, and no voice be raised against it? Let the friends of genuine Christianity, remember that they have a great work before them. "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love," "to preach good tidings unto the meek," "to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the cap-

tives," "and deliver them who through fear of death, are all their life-time subject to bondage."

Hnd this young man embraced a more excellent doctrine, which teaches that the Creator of mankind is a Universal Parent, and that he loves all his children; if he had had correct views of the character and purposes of his Father in Heaven so as to have nothing to deplore and nothing to question, pertaining to His perfections and designs in the Salvation of all men, this would have produced that perfect love to God, which would expel the fear that hath torment, and filled the heart with tranquility and peace. His soul would have breathed the heavenly atmosphere, and so strengthened him by Divine love as to resist those melancholy moments which were brought about by a cruel theory.

I am confident that the preaching of endless misery injures the Christian religion far more than the attacks even of its ablest enemies can do. It has raised up enemies against the religion of Christ, and ought not to be preached by any sincere and enlightened friend of the gospel of Christ. J. B. Tombs.

Newark, N. J.

Original.

SHALL WE HAVE A REFORMATION?

There is much truth in the remarks of a brother, J. George, dated Springfield, April, 1849, on the need of a reformation, which I fondly hope may be sent home to the minds of the members of the Universalist Denomination.

Now what I ask, is, that every reader of that article will look up the Messenger, bearing date May 26th, and read it over again, and see if there is not too much truth in the remarks of that brother to be overlooked.

It is a subject I have thought much of, and, in my humble way, endeavored at the meetings of our State Convention and Associations, to impress on the hearts of professors of our holy faith.

The fact is, that coming as Universalists have, from amidst the ranks of the so-called Evangelical sects, and having beheld so much misguided zeal among them, they have run to the opposite extreme.

There has been, and now is a fear that we should be "too much like the Orthodox," and hence, as a body, we have neglected practical individual godliness; personal piety towards God.

There has been too much preaching universal *salvation*, and practicing *individual damnation*. "Brethren, these things ought not so to be." (By individual damnation I mean living and conducting in such a manner as to lead to the belief that the person knows nothing experimentally, what salvation, that is, *deliverance from sinful inclinations and practices*, is. Let those who do not mean to *live* the doctrine of universal holiness, cease prating about universal salvation.)

No doubt some may think me too severe, but I feel that this is a case where we should speak out plainly, or as the Apostle says, "rebuke sharply."

Why is it not as necessary for a Universalist to be a practical praying man or woman, as for one of any other faith? Do not let us rely on the ministers, doing all the preaching, praying and *practicing too;* as is the case with many in all the sects.

The world needs reformation, and it is to be done through human efforts, God moving the heart thereto. Let no one think because in the dispensatien of the fullness of times, all will be saved, he or she has nothing to do in the matter.

It is because man has not been true to the trust committed to him, that there is so much evil in the world. God requires us to work in his vineyard.

My heart is full of burning thoughts while I write. Would to God the fire might be kindled in the heart of every believer of the Gospel of our common salvation. Then, indeed, there would be a light that would carry salvation to the ends of the earth.

Lest I weary the patience of the reader, I close as I began. *Shall we have a reformation?*

Lebanna, Ct., May, 1849. J. Clark.

Original.

UNIVERSALISM.

BY ADA.

A man's religion is sacred to him, and however erroneous and ridiculous that religion may be, it should not be attacked with harshness and abuse any sooner than a cripple should be abused for his deformity. Mental and moral deformity call for quite as much commiseration as physical; nay more, to lacerate the feelings of one laboring under an error in his religion is worse, far worse than to aggravate the pain of a wounded limb.

Now we intend to bear in mind these views when speaking of the superiority of Universalism to all other religious beliefs, and endeavor to say something to benefit, not to torture those who err. That Universalism is superior in every respect to all other systems of religion, is known and felt by those who believe it to be true. And its enemies admit that its believers have as good a moral character, and as great reasoning powers, as other men—very good; (we wish they could *consistently* say the same of themselves;) but here they stop, as if *this* were *all* the claims of Universalism. Now we would have them understand that with all their morality and reason, no well-informed Universalism, one who knows why he is Universalist, ever believed that the *primary* object of Christ's mission to earth, (whom they acknowledge to be their "prophet, priest and king,") was to teach morality. A sense of moral obligation is common and natural to all men, under all circumstances, without a teacher—that Christ did teach a pure morality is admitted; but it was in connection with and secondary to something of a more important nature which he came to make known to the children of men. We would have them understand, also, that Universalists do not believe that Christ did appear upon earth for the purpose of stepping into the ranks of metaphysicians, and setting to harmony the jarring opinions in the different schools of philosophy—that his reasoning was correct and convincing, and his philosophy deep and profound, is admitted. But it was not the *primary* object of his mission. Christ came to give correct views of the Deity, to convince men of the truth of the immortality of the soul—or to sum up all in a few words, he came to "bring life and immortality to light." He lived a holy life, not merely to prove his teachings to be true; (for they were true without it;) he lived thus because it is the *best* way to live. Christians (and so should all men) should live holy lives, because it is the *best way to live.* The only reason why a Christian should be more moral than other men, is, because the majority of men do not search into the truth of Christianity for themselves, and they consider the morality of its believers the strongest evidence of its truth. A good life will prove almost any thing to some minds. Yet no scholar, or rather, no man who has traced Christianity to its origin, and investigated the evidences of its genuineness, and can see reasons enough to convince him it is founded in truth, will reject it because some who believe it do not live according to the morality which is associnted with it.

A man may believe in the genuineness of Christianity, and yet be mistaken in the doctrines it teaches, and under the influence of that mistake commit crimes, but

those crimes in its mistaken believers, do not remove one "jot or tittle," of testimony from the truth of it.

Now we can see that Christianity includes something besides morality; and Universalists claim to be Christians. Well then, what is the great charge against them? "Oh! they have not got religion." Indeed! is that the truth? Every man's very nature proves that assertion to be a falsehood, for every man is religious. St. James says, "Pure and undefiled religion before God the Father, is to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world." Is there none of this religion among Universalists? But they meant to assert Universalists have not got religion, because their belief differs from others; this would be very unfair, to say the least. That they do differ from others they admit; and it is this very difference that makes their belief so vastly superior to all other systems of religious belief. With them there is no eternal sleep in the tomb; no shrieking of souls in endless woe. No, no! but all holy, all happy! forever and ever.

Canajoharie, June, 1849.

Original.

LETTER FROM BR. GALLAGER.

We are right glad to hear from our old and warm-hearted friend, Br. Gallager, as follows:

EASTON, PA., July, 1849.

BR. LYON:—Permit an old acquaintance to congratulate you upon your connection with the "Messenger and Ambassador." For over twelve years has this paper in its several forms, been a welcome visitor to my study. And it will lose none of its interest to me from having at its head the respected names of Bros. Hallock & Lyon. During five years of my ministry at Newark, N. J. you and I, my dear Brother Lyon, enjoyed very pleasant and friendly intercourse. Our frequent interchanges of pulpit labors and visits to each other's parishes, will long be remembered with pleasure, and at least by your correspondent with profit. And feeling just now in a mood for writing, I sit down to pen you a few lines for old acquaintance sake, that may be of general interest to your readers.

Three months have passed away since I bade farewell to my society in Newark. Five and a half years of social intercourse and ministerial labor, had served to form many warm attachments, and to sever the ties that bound us together, was indeed a painful task. God made me to form friendships, but not to say farewell. Memory frequently reverts to many of the pleasant incidents of that ministry. Warm and faithful friendships will never be forgotten. Acts of kindness, freely performed, will linger in the records of the heart, while life and being last. But the past is gone. The present, the all-engrossing present finds me Pastor of the Easton, Pa. Society. Easton is a delightful place of residence, situated among the mountains of Northampton County, and at that point on the beautiful Delaware where the Lehigh, and the Bushhill render their tribute to it. And such scenery as is all around us! From almost any point of these tall hills, you may find views grand and soul-inspiring, well worth a visit from any one capable of appreciating the beauties of nature.

Jefferson College, you are aware, is situated in grand imposing prospective on the top of one of the hills skirting the borough. Its present condition is not so flattering as its friends could wish. It is an interesting place to visit. A view from its steeple is truly delightful, as the whole country for miles, with its tall hills, its winding rivers, its rich cultivated farms lie all around you in full views. There are in Easton eleven Societies of various denominations, all of which, save one, have good houses of worship. The church in which our Society worship, is a very neat one indeed, will seat about 600 persons, and has been dedicated about eighteen months. If the Williamsburg church be excepted, I know of none having a neater or more beautiful pulpit. Financially, the Society is in a very good condition at present, for which the friends here deserve a vast deal of credit. Faithfully and jealously have they labored together, and sacrificed to promote the cause of God's impartial and efficient grace. And they now feel encouraged to hope for prosperity to cheer and encourage them. The congregations are pretty good, considering all things. A very good and prosperous Sabbath School has been organized within six weeks, having an average attendance of about sixty scholars and fourteen good and faithful teachers, increasing every Sabbath. Your correspondent assumes the superintendency of the School, and intends devoting a good portion of his time to promoting its prosperity, believing that a good Sabbath School is one great means of building up and sustaining a good society. The people here are friendly, warm-hearted and zealous; and though there are but few places where Universalism meets with more bitter or determined opposition, yet I am satisfied that here are the elements of a good society, and with prodence and zeal on the part of the Pastor and people, there is every reason to expect that a *flourishing*, *useful*, and happy society will be built up.

There is one disadvantage I labor under here, namely, the want of ministerial intercourse. Those true and faithful brethren, A. C. Thomas and A. B. Grosh, are my nearest neighbors, fifty-five miles distant. And even the fatigue of this distance is very much increased by the fact of it being all by stage travel. O! how pleasant, and how useful was the intercourse enjoyed almost weekly at your office in New York, while living in Newark. The warm greeting, with Brs. Balch, Skinner, Thayer, Lyon, Hallock, Rayner, &c., will long—long be remembered. These familiar interviews will be very much missed by living at Easton. These must be counterbalanced by the fact that this is a home to my liking, and also that it presents a greater field for usefulness than many others near you. And as God in his providence seems to have directed me here, I shall remain and labor, yes and labor contentedly and happily until his hand directs me away. After all, however, it is not so much the place, as the *disposition* and *determination* to be happy, that makes us so. And it is surprising how little effort it takes to make others happy around you, to throw sunshine upon the path-way of others, and call forth their gratitude and praise.

Riding along near Gray's Ferry Bridge, the other day while on a visit to Philadelphia, we accosted a youth of about fourteen years of age, to inquire the direction of several roads. The kind and gentlemanly manner in which he answered all our inquiries, in every particular, the care and pleasure he took in directing us, so won our esteem, that involuntary blessings were invoked upon him for the kindness of his heart. We knew he was happy; he showed it, and he felt anxious to please and serve others. Yes, such an heart can be happy in any place.

But I must close by saying that whenever you can find it convenient to take a ramble over our hills, you will meet with a warm greeting at the Universalist Parsonage, Easton, from your Friend and Brother,

JAMES GALLAGER.

Can you publish the notice of the New Jersey Convention in *this weeks' paper*? Do, if possible.

I am still Standing Clerk; if you think best, because of my removing from the State, not to put my name to the notice, you can do so.

Bishop Polk of Louisiana has lost 23 negroes, by the cholera

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1849.

REV. MESSRS. CLAPP AND BELLOWS.
UNIVERSALISM AND UNITARIANISM.

In the Christian Inquirer of the 23d ult., an ably conducted and spirited Unitarian paper of New York, edited by Rev. W. H. Bellows, is an interesting letter from Rev. T. Clapp, of New Orleans, addressed to Rev. T. Whittemore of the Boston Trumpet, on the subject of Unitarians and Universalists and their distinctive views and teachings. Mr. Bellows accompanies the letter with editorial comments at considerable length; and among his comments are several remarks that to us appear singularly at variance with each other, and with what we understand to be Mr. B's. views of doctrine—with what we have heard him preach, and read from his pen; though he may not be aware of any such inconsistency.

Mr. Clapp is an independent, liberal preacher of New Orleans, a firm believer in the Divine Unity and Paternity, and in the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind, firmly believing and strongly sympathizing both with Unitarians and Universalists, and yet not connected ecclesiastically with either. In his letter to Br. Whittemore he says, "I am inclined to believe there is not an entire, cordial sympathy between the Universalists and Unitarians of New England; but it seems to me that in all essential points they are one in faith, in spirit and in hope." After expressing his ardent love and admiration of the ministers, papers and writings of both denominations, mentioning several of them by name, he adds, "I cannot help feeling that the two denominations should be as closely joined together in the bond of peace, as they are in creed and noble efforts to spread around them the intelligence, freedom and virtue of a pure Christianity. It is one of my strongest convictions that the Unitarians of New England would augment their influence and usefulness immeasurably by taking a calm, united and decided stand against the horrid doctrine of endless misery. * * * Atheism is incomparably less shocking to the enlightened intellect and generous heart, than the blasphemous doctrine of God's infinite wrath." He thinks the Unitarians universally reject the doctrine of endless misery, and cannot see "why they do not *say so* in their preaching and various publications." "Why," he asks, "have they so extensively connived at a dogma more derogatory to the honor of the Supreme Father and more repugnant to the teachings of his Son than any other which the human mind has ever entertained?" He supposes that they must have had reasons for the course they have pursued respecting this particular, but he cannot even divine *what* reasons they can have had. He writes with great power and as if he felt a lively interest in the matter.

On this letter of Mr. Clapp Mr. Bellows makes, as before intimated, some very strange (at least it seems so to us) and singularly inconsistent remarks. He allows that "there is a growing sympathy between Unitarians and Universalists;" but adds:

"There is no sympathy between Universalism and Unitarianism as such, and there never was, and there never can be. It is only as Universalists cease to adhere to their doctrinal peculiarity in its original form that they can feel any cordial interest in Unitarianism, and only as Unitarians find in Universalists points of interest and union, wholly aside from their distinctive peculiarity of faith, that they become interested in them."

After amplifying on this remark through a long paragraph, and asserting again that a union of the two denominations can never take place on the doctrine of universal salvation in any popular sense of that phrase, he says:

"If it be asked, whether many or most Unitarians believe in the doctrine of endless misery, we answer, unhesitatingly, no! because that phrase has just as technical a meaning as the phrase "Universal Salvation." * * * * * The Universalists started essentially, and they remain, so far as they are faithful to their original idea, on the orthodox ground in regard to the very idea of salvation. It was to be a happiness forced upon, or superinduced in, the soul, by a change of place and condition, and to be attended by a forcible change of feelings. It was not character wrought out in the exercise of human freedom, and with divine aids, that was to determine or constitute the saved state, but something to be uniformly and unqualifiedly, and without regard to character, wrought by God, or by death, upon every soul at the moment of dissolution, or at the general resurrection, introducing all to equal happiness and holiness at once. This is the distinctive idea of Universalism."

In regard to Mr. Bellows' definition of Universal Salvation, "the distinctive idea of Universalism," as he calls it, we must be permitted to express our utter astonishment and our deep regret that he should thus speak after all the opportunities he has enjoyed of knowing and understanding our views better. We know that bigoted and wilfully blind orthodox preachers and writers have occasionally, yes often, thus defined and spoken of Universalism. But we certainly had hoped, and thought we had reason to hope, better things from Rev. W. H. Bellows. We knew the accomplished editor of the Christian Inquirer had had opportunities to acquire more correct information on this subject than most of the Orthodox clergy allow themselves the opportunity to acquire. We saw him in the fall of 1837, in Richmond, Va., soon after he commenced the ministry, while on his way to Mobile. We have heard and read with deep interest much of him since then. Two years ago this summer, we saw him in Auburn, and in Utica, and in the latter place heard him preach as decided and strong a Universalist sermon as we ever wish to hear, and conversed with him freely on the subject. We have exchanged papers with him since that time, and he has also freely exchanged papers with other Universalist editors and publishers; and yet he thus defines Universalism! We should certainly blush for any *enlightened Orthodox* writer of the present age, who could not give a more correct definition. We own it not as the definition of our faith, or as the distinctive idea of Universalism, of this or any other age. It is now twenty six years since we engaged in the ministry of Universalism, during all which time, when health permitted, we have sought to understand and to propagate it in its purity, believing it to be pure Christianity; yet we have never so understood, so preached, or heard it so defined by any of its believers. Query. Is it strange that there is no greater sympathy or union between the two denominations, (Unitarians and Universalists) when leading men of either denomination so strangely pervert and misrepresent the views of the other as the above extract does.

Mr. B., we think, can hardly plead in extenuation of his egregious error in this, that a few of the more ancient writers in favor of the salvation of all men, coming over from Orthodoxy, held it in the light of the theory here ascribed to our denomination; for the great mass of our writers on this subject held very different views from these. Besides the misstatement of the views of Universalists in regard to salvation, its means and process, and human agency therein, it is not true now, nor never was true, that a majority of believers in our faith held that "every soul at the moment of dissolution" was to be introduced "to equal happiness at once." Almost, if not quite, all the ancient Fathers and early Christians who believed and ad-

vocated the salvation of all men, believed in the doctrine of future punishment, but denied its strict eternity. So does Mr. Clapp, the subject of this present article. And such is now the case with nearly every Unitarian in England, and almost all Protestants of Germany, and a great part of Europe.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE OLIVE CANE.

On the 29th ultimo (being then in Easton attending the installation of Br. J. Gallager) I was shown the N. Y. Christian Messenger, which contained certain editorial strictures on my Olive Cane, &c.

I have sought, but cannot find, the paper at my house, and I should have been obliged to reply from memory, had not the "Banner" arrived to-day, (Monday, July 9.) Br. Drew thinks I have received a "fair hit," and Br. Balch, himself, evidently thought he was striking me hard—for at the close of his article he applies the "pain-killing salve" of his well known love—coupled, it might be inferred, with a hope that I would not strike back!

Perhaps I may not be peculiarly inconsistent, after all; and it is certain that these worthy brethren have had the same opportunity, these many years, to smite me, that they seem at present to embrace with so much good-natured ardor.

The large symbolical painting back of my pulpit in the Lombard-street church—painted and placed there some fifteen years ago, at my own suggestion and cost—is an example. The cedar-wood taken from Potter's grave at Good Luck, and turned into sundry canes and boxes—is another. The cross on the Hymns of Zion—and sundry other innovations—also might each have furnished a text similar to that of the olive-cane.

But all this passed quietly by, until our travelled brother's wit was sharpened by the iron-point of the long pole (perhaps "sometimes put to a bad use") with which he journeyed over the Alps; and the moment my cane was brought to light, he was down upon me!

Seriously, he has missed his mark; and I marvel that his candor did not allow the possibility that the seeeming inconsistency might be resolved into his own lack of understanding in relation to my views.

Nor is this thought set aside by his solution of my notions of ceremonies, as merely the prejudices or "impressions of youth"—for *his* notions on such matters might be summarily accounted for in the same way. And with better show of reason—for *he* is floating with the current of popular opinion, and *I* am swimming against it.

How widely he has missed the mark, may be judged by the single fact, that *I do not "reject the celebration of the supper by outward symbols"*—by which I mean that I do not reject the celebration of the outward or visible supper.

The majority of Christian professors affirm that Universalists reject the doctrine of the Atonement—which affirmation we declare to be false.

There is a wider difference between the Presbyterian and the Universalist on the subject of the Atonement, than there is between Br. Balch and myself on the subject of the Supper.

The *Baptist* might take up the text of my olive cane, and charge me with inconsistency because I reject the symbol of immersion in water in admissions to church-membership; and my reviewer would probably clap him on the back, and tell him that he had done nobly:

From another quarter might come the same charge, on the score of my rejection of feet-washing (in imitation of Christ) as a symbol of humility; but in this case Br. Balch would look on in silence, apprehensive that *his* turn had already arrived:

A Roman Catholic might piously talk to both of us about the value of the *Crucifix*, as a most impressive symbol of Christ's death on Calvary; and in striving to answer him, my reviewer and his sympathizers would begin to find that "kissing goes by favor."

I have no doubt that all these symbols, and thousands of others, may be of service to certain minds, nor that they are conscientiously observed by multitudes of excellent people. I suppose it will also be allowed, that even lip-salutation of the black stone at Mecca, is both an effect and a cause of devotional feelings with a Mahommedan.

Unless Br. Balch is disposed to go much farther than he does, in reference to such matters, it would be well for him to make little use of the charge of *inconsistency*. The truth is, that symbols and ceremonies being once admitted, each mind must determine for itself how far they may be carried.

As much of a Quaker as I am, I have united in celebrations of the 4th of July, of Christmas, and of other holidays. So also would I cheerfully unite with my brethren in celebrating the Christian Passover. Not in obedience to *command*—(for there *is* none, and few Universalists now place the rite on that ground;) nor would I plead *precedent*; but simply as *a social festival*—thus shutting it out from the list of *formal sacraments*. And this, too, not as a *weekly* 4th of July, nor *monthly* Christmas, nor *quarterly* Passover—but in the last case as an *annual celebration*, by a plain meal, of the last evening spent by Christ with his disciples. And at this meal, I would have religious services befitting the occasion—especially free conversation on the character, mission, and excellency of "Him who died that we might live." I would have *no spectators*, nor would I crowd this celebration into a space of half an hour, or less, after other services—but would devote an evening to the instructions and impressions of the occasion.

I am prepared to unite with my brethren on this platform, and yet I do not assign extraordinary importance to *any* outward celebration. I believe I am as good a Republican as many who make vastly more parade on Independence Day; and perhaps I should not be any more worthy the name of a Christian than I am at present, were I to unite with the Campbellites in partaking of bread and wine every Sunday morning.

—I should be pleased to see this reply copied into the "Banner;" and if Br. Balch wishes a continuance of the subject thus opened, I am at his service—all in love and good-will.

A. C. T.

[That will do.] W. S. B.

NOTICE OF OUR STATE CONVENTION.

Much surprise has been felt and expressed by different individuals, that no public notice of our late session of the New York State Convention appeared in either of our denominational papers published in the city of New York. The subscriber, as Standing Clerk of the Convention, has been severely censured for a supposed *neglect of duty*, in not furnishing the usual notice for our State denominational papers. For the purpose of satisfying all interested that the Standing Clerk performed his whole duty in the matter, in good season, I would beg leave respectfully to submit the following plain statement of facts and their inferenees:

On the 11th day of last April, nearly six weeks prior to the meeting of the State Convention at Richfield Springs, a notice of said meeting with a full list of the delegates, was sent to the office of the Rochester Christian Guardian, and published in the *four succeeding numbers* of that paper. The Standing Clerk expected as a matter of course, that this notice would be

copied into the Christian Messenger, Christian Ambassador, and Magazine and Advocate, for the information of their respective readers, knowing that the New York and Rochestor papers exchanged. But the notice was not copied, and the New York Brethren give as their reason for not publishing it, that no copy of the Christian Guardian containing the notice of the Convention, has ever been received at the New York Office, and that they could not conveniently copy what they had never seen. On the other hand, Mr. Hughes, publisher of the Christian Guardian, assures me in the strongest and most positive terms, that his paper has been regularly mailed every week, to the office of the New York Christian Messenger, so that it is not his fault if it has not been seen in the office of that paper.

I have made this explanation for the benefit of those who have censured me for a supposed neglect of duty. Whether the numbers of the Guardian, containing the notice of the Convention, were sent to the office of the Messenger I certainly do not know, but the publisher assures me *they were*. And even if sent, I cannot be expected to know whether they were received, though I am assured by the publishers of the Messenger, that they *were not*. It was unfortunate that the notice of the Convention should have been confined to the limited circulation of the Guardian; and it is probable, that blame is justly chargeable upon some one, though I know not whom. But one thing I do know, and that is, that no blame is justly chargeable to

H. L. Hayward, Standing Clerk of N. Y.

Fairport, Monroe Co., June 23d, 1849. State Convention.

In addition to the above, I would say that but one No. of the Guardian has been received at this office since my connexion with it—one month. H. L.

MEETING OF THE QUINEBAUG ASSOCIATION.

The Quinebaug Association of Universalists, met at Scotland, Conn., June 20, 1849. Chose Brs. T. Borden, 2d, Moderator, and J. W. Dennis, Clerk.

Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

Clerical Brethren present—E. W. Reynolds, Norwich; T. Borden, 2d, Willimantic: L. C. Holmes, Thompson; J. W. Dennis, New London. Lay Delegates—Brs. C. Tracy, Norwich; A. Frink, New-London; Br. Fox, Woodstock.

Voted, That Brs. Tracy, Fox, and Reynolds be a Committee to bring forward the business for this meeting.

Committee on Fellowship and Ordination—no report.

Committee on Discipline—reported no cause of complaint.

The Report of Com. on Business received and accepted. Appointed as Committee of Discipline—Brs. D. P. Livermore, Chas. Dillaby, and Julius Clark. Committee of Fellowship and Ordination—Brs. T. Borden, E. W. Reynolds, and Joseph A. Skinner. Delegates to State Convention—Brs. Livermore, Borden, Holmes, and Dennis, (clerical); Brs. J. Clark, Elijah Fannan, F. M. Fox, James B. Lyman, Alfred Avery, and Wm. Kelly, (lay.) Then appointed Br. T. Borden a Committee to report to the State Convention. Appointed Br. J. W. Dennis, Standing Clerk.

Preacher of the next Occasional Discourse, Br. E. W. Reynolds. The following resolution was then adopted:

Resolved, That the interests of the Association require that the meetings should invariably continue in session two days; and that the Standing Clerk be instructed to give notice that the future annual meetings will be held on the third Wednesday nd following Thursday in June.

Voted, That when we adjourn, it be to meet at Stafford.

Voted, That the thanks of the Association be presented to the friends at Scotland, for their kind and hospitable entertainment.

Voted, That the Clerk prepare the Minutes for publication.

J. W. Dennis, Clerk. T. Borden, 2d, Moderator.

Remarks.—The present session of the Quinebaug Association was an exceedingly pleasant one. The reports from the different societies within its bounds were encouraging, showing a good degree of prosperity. The meetings were well attended, and much interest manifested. Sermons were preached by Brs. Reynolds, Holmes, and Dennis. It is the first time the Association has partaken of the hospitalities of the friends at Scotland, but the warm reception received at their hands will long be remembered.

MINUTES OF THE MOHAWK RIVER ASSOCIATION.

Met, Wednesday, June 13th, at Gravesville, Herkimer Co., N. Y. Organised by choosing Brs. T. J. Whitcomb, Moderator, and J. J. Hicks, Clerk. United in Prayer with Br. Hicks.

Delegates present—Johnson Talcott, Leyden; Benjamin and Dan Post, Newport; Wm. J. Taylor, Russia; Isaac Piper and Stephen Deuel, Frankfort and German Flatts; Henry Ward and John Farmer, Middleville.

Drs. D. Skinner, H. Piper, and H. Ward, were appointed a Committee to nominate the several Committees for the ensuing year, and also a preacher of the next Occasional Sermon and place of adjournment, who reported as follows: J. D. Hicks to preach the next Occasional Sermon; Committee of Discipline, T. J. Whitcomb, D. Brayton, Hon. Ezra Graves, of Herkimer; Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, D. Skinner, P. Phil-leo, and J. D. Hicks; Delegates to State Convention, D. Skinner and J. H. Harter, clerical—Chauncey Johnson, of Mohawk, and Solomon Graves, of Russia, lay, with power to appoint substitutes and fill vacancies; place of adjournment, St. Johnsville; all of which was adopted.

The Committee of Discipline reported no cause of complaint, —report accepted. The Committee on Fellowship and Ordination reported that application had been made by Br. J. H. Harter, and ordination conferred at a Conference in the village of Herkimer,—report accepted.

The Standing Clerk reported that during the past year there had been applications for two Conferences, one at Herkimer, and the other at Little Falls, and Conferences held accordingly; the one at Herkimer was held in the Dutch Reformed Church, the one at Little Falls in the Baptist Church, to the owners of which thanks were tendered for their kindness. Both of these meetings were excellent, and good must be the result. A Resolution was then adopted, recommending frequent Conferences within the bounds of this Association.

Br. J. H. Harter, who has been laboring as a Missionary within the bounds of this Association during the past year, was called upon, and made a report of his doings, and then tendered his resignation as a Missionary of the Mohawk River Association, whereupon the thanks of the Association were tendered to him in behalf of his exertions in the cause in which he was employed, and his resignation accepted.

The following Resolutions were then presented and passed:

Resolved, That we recommend to the ministering brethren within the bounds of this Association to urge upon the members of their respective congregations the importance of attending to the Eucharist and ordinances of the Gospel generally, as being calculated to exert a salutary and sanctifying influence on the hearts and lives of the members.

Resolved, That we recommend an increased attention to the

organization and sustaining of Sabbath Schools within our respective societies.

Resolved, That we further recommend that a collection be taken up in each congregation inthe month of January, or some other convenient time, previous to the next session of this body, for defraying the expenses of Delegates to the State Convention.

There being no more business presented, the Council was adjourned to meet at St. Johnsville, Montgomery Co, N. Y., on the second Wednesday and following Thursday of June, in the year 1850. T. J. Whitcomb, Moderator.

J. D. Hicks, Clerk.

Remarks.—This session of our Association was well attended, except by Delegates, who were sadly remiss. This ought not so to be. The nice brick Church at Gravesville was filled to overflowing. Our friends are entitled to much praise and our hearty thanks for the kind reception and hospitable entertainment they gave us on the occasion. There were ten preachers of our faith, and two Unitarians present on the occasion.

Sermons were preached by Brs. Bartlett, Harter, D. Skinner, (occasional,) Goodrich, Aspinwall, and Francis. In the afternoon of Thursday, the Eucharist was administered by Br. D. Skinner, assisted in the services by Br. Buckingham (Unitarian). Elder Pearce (another Unitarian), also partook with us, thus manifesting a friendly and Christian feeling, which we rejoiced to witness.

In conclusion let me say, we had an excellent meeting. The sermons were interesting, and were listened to with devout attention. It was a time which will long be remembered.

Universalist papers please copy.

INSTALLATION AT EASTON, PA.

Br. J. Gallager, formerly of Newark, N. J., was Installed as Pastor of the Universalist Society at Easton, on the 29th of June. Sermon by Br. A. C. Thomas, of Philadelphia. Installing prayer, charge, and delivery of the Scriptures, by Rev. A. B. Grosh, of Reading. May God abundantly bless the union thus consummated.

BR. S. R. SMITH'S HEALTH.

This beloved friend and father in the ministry says, in a letter to one of his friends, under date of June 18th: 'I am rather *worn out*, than suffering from any local disease—have no pain in my side or chest—have my usual appetite, and rest quite as well as ever, except the annoyance of coughing for some fifteen or twenty minutes every night *three times* and sometimes more. I have night sweats and a frequent slight *'shiver,'* but nothing like a regular chill. At present I am gaining a little strength slowly..... If I should regain my usual health, I shall never resume the ministry; as I am convinced that I cannot bear the study and labor—but in my opinion, my health is irretrievably gone.'—*Trumpet.*

CHANGES.

Addres Br. W. Spaulding, Essex, Mass. Br. K. M. Byram, Freeport, Maine. Br. H. A. Eaton, Milford, Mass.

Crowded Out.—Several articles intended for this number—among them the minutes of the Otsego Association—have been unavoidably put by; they shall appear next week.

☞ The "Lines on Water," in this paper of the 22d ult., should have been credited to our esteemed correspondent, Miss Laura Eggleston."

An exhibition of American plants has been made in London. They are valued at £35,000

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

Brethren:—I preached in this town on Sunday last, two sermons, besides a discourse on the College. The congregations were large, and the attention good. We have here one of our best societies. It is united, strong and zealous. It embraces many of the best families in the place, and a good share of the wealth. The object of my visit being to raise funds for the College, I have had an opportunity of seeing most of the members of the society; and I am happy to bear testimony to their intelligence, generosity, and strong attachment to the Gospel. I have not seen here a single individual, who did not acknowledge the importance of the object for which I am laboring, and heartily wish me success. Though I have obtained no large subscriptions, I have met with good encouragement. The friends say that they know well what bigotry is, and the unfair and reckless measures it will employ to gain its ends. Knowing that religious bigotry is everywhere the same, they fully agree with me in saying, that it is a shame for us to be compelled to send our sons to institutions where they will be subjected to its heartless injustice. There is not a limitarian College in the land, in which greater exertions are not made to proselyte the students, than are made to render them finished scholars. The Presidents and Professors think it vastly more important to make them partialists than perfect in their studies. Hence, in all those institutions, measures are employed to have a revival every three or four years, so as to give every student the benefit of a revival campaign, and thus, if possible, make the sons of Universalists go home and denounce their parents as infidels. Those who know anything of revival measures, need not be told that they are characterized by gross misrepresentation, and by a bitter opposition to Universalists and Universalism. In every college revival, the sons of Universalists are always the special objects of attention; and if one of them can be proselyted, even though a mere lad, an extra shout is raised.

Provincetown is situated on the extreme point of Cape Cod. By land it is a hundred and twenty miles from Boston, but by water only about fifty miles. It contains some twenty-five hundred inhabitants. Most of the men follow the sea. They are hardy, industrious, and temperate. They have none of the profligate habits so common among sailors. There is not a dram shop in the town, and nearly all the people are strictly temperate. Though but few men of wealth reside here, the people are generally in comfortable circumstances, and are very prudent in the expenditure of their earnings.

In some respects this is the most singular place I ever visited There is not a wise man here, for every house is built upon the sand. There is hardly a rod of land here on which grass will grow, except a few gardens and small patches where the soil has been made. Many have brought soil here in ships, and have made quite pretty gardens. There is a coarse, wild grass that grows here; but what nourishes it is more than I can imagine, for the entire town is dry sand. In some parts bushes may be found, and in great abundance, but they grow in the sand. I have not seen a foot of natural soil in which a kernel of corn would take root. There are two or three signs in the place, which read, Sand *for sale*!

The houses are very curiously located. In selecting building spots, the people seem not to have paid the slightest regard to order. Most of the houses front towards the ocean; but some are near the street, some far back from the street, and many appear to stand in each other's yards. They look as though they came down in a squall. To a great number of the

houses there is no access except by a little foot-path, running between other houses. Some of the best dwellings I have seen here stand right behind other dwellings. This confusion, I am told, is owing to the fact that no road was laid out through the town till about a dozen years ago.

There are some very neat houses in the place, though none that are expensive. The churches are very respectable in their appearance, and the Universalist Church is an elegant building. It is nearly new, and cost about $12 000. It is spacious, neatly finished, handsomely painted in fresco, surmounted by a high and admirably proportioned tower, which contains a good-toned bell. When the house was finished, it was paid for.

Our society here was originally called a Christian Union Society. The first preachers of it were Unitarian. It has had Universalist preaching for about eighteen years. It has furnished several young men for the ministry, but only two of them are now in the field. These are Brs. G. Collins, of Hudson, N. Y., and W. H. Ryder, travelling in Europe. Two of them have been called from the labors of earth, to the joys of heaven—Brs. Wm. C. Steele and Josiah Nickerson. One, Br. James Gifford, has been obliged to leave the ministry, in consequence of a bronchial difficulty, which, it was for some time feared, would hasten him to the grave.

There has been a steamboat running for a few weeks between here and Boston. This has brought many visitors to the place. In the hottest days of summer there is always a cool breeze here. The "Pilgrim House" is a quiet place, and kept in an excellent manner. No person could ask for a better home than it affords. There is a beautiful bay in front of the town, which is admirable both for sailing and fishing.

The day has been celebrated here by the delivery of an oration, the reading of the Declaration, dinner, and speech-making in a large tent. Everything has gone off in fine style. The oration was on the moral phasis of the Revolution. It was a capital one. The orator was a Mr. Scudder, a lawyer of this city. I have collected nearly $800 for the College.

July 3th, 1849. O. A. S.

OHIO UNIVERSALIST STATE CONVENTION.

We learn from the Star in the West, that this body met at Columbus, June 8th. Reports were received from Associations showing a general progress of our cause.

Resolutions were adopted in favor of the abolition of Capital Punishment—the formation of a Western Tract Society—urging increased attention to the subject of Sabbath Schools —in support of the "Western Liberal Institute" at Marietta—expressing gratification that the U. S. Convention of Universalists had adjourned to meet in Cincinnati next September, and calling for a large attendance of the friends from the Eastern and other States on that occasion. We copy the following remarks of the Clerk of the Convention, Br. G. S. Weaver :

"Seldom has the Convention assembled under more favorable auspices. The weather, meetings, delegations, congregations, deliberations, sermons, and welcome by the Columbus friends. were good, all good, very good. The reports from the different parts of the State were generally favorable for the onward progress of truth and love. From almost every quarter came the cry for help. Ministers were wanted. Many delegates came to secure the services of a preacher. Several could have engaged immediately, had there been any to engage. But none were found. Every minister had more labors before him than he could perform. True, genuine ministers of the Gospel are wanted everywhere. The people will hear and support them gladly. Encouragements from all quarters were presented at the Convention. A happy, profitable, long-to-be-remembered meeting was the Convention."

THE CLINTON INSTITUTE.

The following Report and Resolutions concerning the Clinton Liberal Institute, presented and adopted at the last session of the State Convention, have been delayed at the request of Br. Sawyer, till some final disposition should be made of the financial affairs of that Institution. Such an arrangement has been made, every way satisfactory, and we can now, with confidence, join in a call upon our friends to put forth their exertions in behalf of that school. Ever since its commencement, difficulties have laid in the way of its prosperity, the last of which is now removed. We now look, with the most positive assurance upon its future rapid growth and permanent prosperity and usefulness to the cause of liberal education.

To the Convention of Universalists of the State of New York :

The Committee to consider so much of the Occasional Sermon delivered before this body during the present session, as relates to the subject of education, beg leave respectfully to

REPORT,

That they have attended to the business of their appointment and would express their full sympathy with the author of said Sermon, in the opinions and sentiments therein set forth. They regard with the deepest interest the cause of Education among us, and look with earnest solicitude upon the efforts now being made in this State to promote it. They believe that the welfare and prosperity of the denomination depend, in no small degree, upon the success of our educational enterprises, as both the honor and interest of our general cause are blended with it.

Your Committee learn, with great pleasure, that all local difficulties hitherto existing in relation to Clinton Liberal Institute, are now amicably and happily settled, and they are of opinion that all that is necessary to render the institution at once a blessing and an honor to the denomination, is that pecuniary aid and that degree of patronage which its interests and our duty alike imperiously demand.

Measures, it is well known, have been taken by the Trustees of the Institute to raise a Permanent Fund of $10,000 for its benefit, and your Committe rejoice to hear that a large portion, —more than three-quarters,—of that sum has already been obtained, and no doubt is now indulged that the required amount can be secured, if our brethren but do their duty, and give according to the ability with which God has endowed them.

Measures have also been adopted by the Trustees to build a suitable edifice for the Female Department, which is indispensable to the prosperity and success of the School. For this purpose earnest appeals have been made, and continue to be made, to the *ladies* of the denomination, for their co operation and aid. Considerable sums have already been received from their generosity, but much more remains to be done. The work is important to all, but its most direct influence must be upon the female sex, the young of which is to enjoy its blessings. Your Committee feel that the consummation of so great and desirable an enterprise by our mothers, wives, and sisters, would reflect the highest honor upon them, as well as confer unspeakable benefits upon successive generations.

With these views and feelings, your Committee would respectfully propose the following resolutions.

Resolved, That this Convention regards with increasing interest the Clinton Liberal Institute, and would renewedly and most earnestly commend it to the consideration and patronage of the denomination.

Resolved, That ministers in fellowship with this body be requested to take suitable opportunities to present the wants and claims of this Institution to the people of their respective charges, and by all means to endeavor to awaken a public interest in its behalf.

Resolved, That this Convention indulges the most sanguine hopes that the measures employed to secure a Permanent Fund and erect a new and commodious building for the Female Department, will be crowned with success, and to this end it earnestly appeals to all Universalists, of both sexes, within its limits, to exhibit their zeal in so good a cause, and tender, immediately, such aid as may be within their power.

On the subject of a Theological School, to which reference was also had in said Sermon, your Committee would respectfully

REPORT,

That they deem such a School, under the existing circumstances of the denomination, of great importance, and indispensable to its highest welfare and success. The manner in which it can best be established is a matter of some difficulty. With the present demands upon public generosity already referred to, it would seem injudicious to attempt to raise a permanent fund sufficient to support such a School, but your Committee believe that clergymen and laymen stand ready to pledge small sums annually, for the period of five years, which, in the aggregate, would be sufficient to meet the necessary expenses of instruction in such a School, established with regard to rigid economy. They also think that such School should, for obvious reasons, be located in the neighborhood of Clinton Liberal Institute.

They would therefore offer the following Resolution:

Resolved, That Thomas J. Sawyer, J. M. Austin and Wm. S. Balch, be a Committee to adopt and carry into effect a plan for the immediate establishment of a Theological School in the village of Clinton; that they be authorized to obtain subscriptions for its support for the term of five years, and also to secure the services of some experienced and competent teacher or teachers for the same; and that it be the duty of said Committee to report its proceedings to this body, at its next annual meeting.

UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY.

We *borrowed* the July No. of this valuable work, from which we see it contains articles on the following subjects, by the writers whose names are annexed.

"Importance and Necessity of Doctrinal Preaching," by T. J. Sawyer—"An essay on the Life and Writings of Walter Savage Lander," by J. Washburn, Esq. "Suggestions concerning the teachings of Jesus," by Rev. H. Ballou. "Ode to Memory," by Mrs. Sawyer. "Ninevah, and its remains," by the Editor. "Review of Bushnell's Discourses," by T. S. King.

No doubt there is much valuable reading in this No., which we shall take much pleasure in examining when our copy arrives.

THE STEAMER OREGON.

Returning from a recent visit up the River, we took the above boat at Albany, and found her equal in every respect to the commendations which have been so lavishly bestowed on her since her first appearance in our waters. She is indeed, in every respect, a first rate boat, and will afford the best accommodations to all who take passage on her.

NEWARK SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

My Dear Hallock:—If there is any Institution which is more important than the Church, it is the Sabbath School. The opinions and the characters of men are for the most part already formed, but how plastic is the mind of the child! What infinite good can be produced by right instruction, at the right period of life!

Pardon my moralizing, but such are my thoughts after having had the pleasure of accompanying the Sabbath School of our Society on its Annual Excursion yesterday.

Between four and five hundred started from the city at 8 o'clock, sailed down the Passaic and along Staten Island a distance of forty miles, and arrived at Biddle's Grove, opposite Perth Amboy, about 11 o'clock. Having repaired to the Grove, each family was soon found busy with that which occupies all people about the middle of each day. After dinner, some found amusements in swinging, some in walking, some in talking, others in sailing. The School under the superintendence of Br. Jaques sang various pieces, and went through the ceremony of crowning a fairy queen in a creditable and very pleasing manner.

The day was fine as could be wished, no accident happened, and all enjoyed themselves. There is nothing better than a day spent in the woods to give health and cheerfulness. Nature is sullen with him who visits her merely for pleasure. He who would enjoy her smile must go on a mission of labor or love—to serve man or worship God. Yours most truly,

O. W. W.

NEW BOOK BY FATHER BALLOU.

A new book is soon to be published by Br. Usher, from the pen of Father Ballou. We have mislaid the paper containing the subjects treated of; but of one thing we are sure—it will be a Universalist Book, abounding in sound Christian Instruction.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

THE WIFE'S REPLY

To the question "How do you like your new home."

BY MRS. J. F. CARNEY.

My home is *not* a *new* home!
It hath been mine for years;
It hath been mine through many a scene
Of gladness and of tears.
It is all filled with peace and love,
So may it ever be!
But even were it dark and sad,
It still were dear to me.

My home is *not* a *new* home!
Yet treasures ever new,
Each day within that happy home
Revealeth to my view.
It hath been mine for years, yet still
New blessings greet me there,
And gems the loftiest of the earth
Might well be proud to wear.

My home is *not* a *new* home!
God grant that I may be
A "keeper" in that precious "home,"
So blest and dear to me.
For this I calmly turned away
From friends so true and kind,
For this I severed many a chain
Which love and joy had twined.

To me it is the dearest
Of all earth's myriad homes;
'Tis lowly as its cottages,
And lofty as its domes.
For many years, thro' weal or wo
Whate'er the path I've trod,
My home hath been *my husband's heart*,
And that is stayed on God.

Letters to the Rev. Charles Fustian.

AN ANGLO-CATHOLIC.

LETTER FOURTH.

I had not sealed up the letter which I enclose to you herewith, my dear Charles, and fortunately, as it turns out—for I have it now in my power to tell you the conclusion of your machinations in this parish.

Three weeks have elapsed since the expedition to Holywell Tree. My anger, I confess, with Dr. Smiler

was so hot that I never called at the parsonage; and after the first Sunday I did not even go to church. The communion-table is now surmounted by a gigantic crucifix—a cover of bright velvet, with a golden star in the centre, hangs down to the ground, while a vase of flowers stands on the middle of the table, flanked at each side by immense candlesticks, with a candle of two or three pounds' weight in each. There is a stone creding table an eagle at one side of the aisle in bronze, and the old recess in the porch is cleared out and a basin placed in it; but whether for the reception of holy water or charitable pence I did not stop to enquire. There is daily service at ten in the morning. The girls wear a regular uniform, and call themselves Sisters of the Order of St. Cecilia, and have appointed Swallowlies their father confessor; and once or twice a-week, I believe, he, or Rowdy, or Mount Huxtable, attends in the vestry, and takes the young ladies, one by one, to a solitary conversation, with the door locked. And the best of the affair is, that Tom Blazer and his two military friends are as constant in their attendance as the rest. But, with these exceptions, there is not a man to be seen in the church, either on week-days or Sundays; for I am told that even John Simpkins and Peter Bolt have struck for hgher wages, and won't attend prayers under half-a-crown a-week. So we have begun a subscription in the parish for a district chapel; and in the mean time we stream off by the hundred, either to the church or meeting houses of the nearest parish. Major M'Turk, I am sorry to say, has had many interviews with the Reverend Mr. Rowdy, and has become almost an infidel, with a leaning, if anything, to the religion of the Buddhists in India, who fast, he says, fifty times more, and go through a thousand times more painful penances than either Puseyite or Papist.

This morning I was surprised to see Doctor Smiler coming up my garden walk, as he used to do in the days of our friendship. He looked rather downcast as he drew near the window, where I was busy getting my fishing-flies in order, and coughed once or twice, as if to announce his approach. I pretended not to hear him, and continued absorbed in my lines and feathers; and, instead of coming in at the open door as he has done for the last twenty years, he actually rang the bell, and old Thomas had to bustle on his coat, and come out of the back-yard to see who was there,—and I thought the old man's tone was a little sharp when he announced Dr. Smiler.

'How do you do, Doctor Smiler?' I said very courteously; "have the kindness to be seated."

The doctor sat down.

'Are you going to the brook to-day?' he inquired.

'Yes; if the wind holds, I shall try it for an hour or two this evening. I hope Mrs. Smiler is well.'

'She is not well,' he said.

'And Christina—Miss Christina?' I added, correcting myself.

'Dying," said the Doctor.

'Christina dying!' I exclaimed, starting up and taking the Doctor's hand; 'my dear Smiler, why didn't you tell us?—why didn't you send for us?'

'I was ashamed, and that's the truth,' said the Doctor. 'Ah! Buddle, you were wiser than I.'

'How?—what? Is it that rascal Mount Huxtable?' I inquired.

'No doubt of it,' replied Smiler. 'He has ruined the happiness of my daughter, turned away the hearts of my parishioners, and made me a laughing-stock to the whole country.'

'Is he not going to marry her, then?—did he not call on you after the pic-nic?'

'No, he din't call on me; but he consulted Christina's taste in all things—got her to superintend the alterations in the church—the candlesticks and flowers; he even asked her what style of paper she liked for drawing rooms, and the poor girl expected every moment that he would make a formal demand.'

'It may come yet,' I said, endeavoring to cheer him.

'It can't my dear friend. I find he is married already.'

'The villain!'

'He was an intimate friend of Charles Fustian,' continued the Rector, and by his advice answered my advertisement for an anti-Tractarian curate; by his advice also he concealed the fact of his marriage, and, in the course of less than a month, see what he has done.'

'He denied that he knew Charles Fustian.'

'I accused him of the duplicity this morning, but he says it was for the good of the flock; and as he is their shepherd for two years, he has a greater interest in them than I.'

'And how did he explain his speeches to Christina?'

'General observations,' he says; 'he wished her opinon drawing-room papers, and required her assistance in the interior arrangement of his church.'

'His church! the puppy! We shall petition the bishop.'

'Of no use,' said the Rector. 'You will perceive, my dear Buddle, that the generality of the bench are either very fond of power, and flattered with Puseyite sycophancy; or anxious to keep pace with the titled aristocracy, and very fond of 'gentility.' Now there is no denying that the Tractarians are more polished men, and, as far as the arts and refinements go, more cultivated men than the laboring clergy generally, and therefore these two things keep them secure from any authoritive condemnation—their truckling to their spiritual superiors, and their standing in society. If Mount Huxtable had been a vulgar fellow, though with the energy and holiness of St. Paul,—if he had stood up against his diocesan and vindicated his liberty, either of speech or action, in the slightest degree—we could have hurled him from the parish, probably into gaol, in spite of all the licenses in the world; but I have no hope in this case.'

'Then I have,' I said, 'for, from what you told me of the fellow's hypocrisy, I have no doubt he was the very man who was received, as they call it, into the Romish Church by Bishop Cunningham, three months since.'

'It is surely impossible, my dear Buddle; how could he officiate in our church after being a professed papist?'

'Easily, my dear Smiler; it has been very often done and is frequently done at this moment. Take that account of the ceremony with you, and tax him with it at once.'

The Doctor folded up the paper, and went on,—

'But this is not all. How am I to atone to poor Mrs. Blazer and poor Mrs. Swainlove, for what has happenened?'

Why?—what has happened to the old ladies?'

'Jones has eloped with Araminta Blazer; and in the same post chaise, Smith has carried off Tinderella Swainlove!

'Why, they were almost professed unbelivers,—at least not at all Tractarian.'

'That dosen't matter. They are off, and what we we have now to hope for is—that they will go to Gretna Green. Young Pulser also has kicked Mr. Rowdy into the Mill-pond, where he was nearly drowned, for something or other he said or did to Priscilla Pulser at confession; and to complete the catalogue of woes, Mr Swallowlies has been arrested for theft; for it appears that the calf which Janet Wheedler sold him was not her own, but belonged to Farmer Ruffhead.'

What could I say to comfort the poor old rector un-

der such a tremendous cloud of calamity? The solitary glimpse of satisfaction, I confess, which I individually caught from his narrative was, that Araminta had shown the good taste to leave a friend of mine in the lurch. I will add nothing to this letter, for I am hurrying off to assist the Doctor in comforting his household and recovering possession of his parish. How we succeed in this, and what steps we take to regain the confidence and affection of the flock, I shall not fail to inform you. Meanwhile, reflect on all that has arisen from your introduction of these foreign mummeries and and superstitions into this quiet parish, and, 'how great effects from little causes spring.'

Yours, &c. T. BUDDLE.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

THEN IS THE TIME TO DIE.

BY ALIDA.

Is it when the Spring hath come,
With soft refreshing showers,
And nature bids our hearts rejoice,
With buds and beauteous flowers,
The flowers that yield their perfumed breath,
Can then we welcome thee, O Death?

Or when fair Summer steals along,
With soft bewitchiting mien,
And every hill and dale is clothed
With dress of living green,
All earth then pleasant to the eye,—
Is this the time, that we would die?

Or when pale Autumn, with his hues
Of yellow, green and red,
And all the beauties of the past
Are mingling with the dead,—
Do we then wish our lives to save?
Or lay them in the quiet grave?

When Winter comes and strips the earth
Of all its herbage green,
And nought but storms and wintry blasts
And naked hills are seen,
O'er all there hangs a heavy gloom,—
Do we then seek the lonely tomb?

Is there an hour when fearful death,
For us, it has no sting?
O'er us the grave no victory hath?
No terrors doth it bring?
Is there a place, a time or season,
That we would change this world for heaven?

Ah yes! when faith's enlivening power
Points, with the eye of love,
To Christ our Savior and our God,
Who dwells in heaven above.
Then ther's a place, a time, a season,
When we would gladly fly to heaven.

Hudson, N. Y.

Seven Presbyterian Ministers have already gone to California; they are following the members who have gone in such numbers as to break up congregations in the West.

Original.

THE ORPHAN BROTHERS.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

Edwin and Charles Mynden were twin brothers. They were orphans. Their father and mother died just as they reached their twelfth year. They were very young to be left entirely alone in this great and wicked world, with none to care and provide for them.

They had seen their beloved parents die, had heard the damp cold earth falling upon their coffin lids, for they were both taken away at nearly the same time, and were buried side by side in one grave. They saw the earth heaped upon them, and turned away with sad heavy hearts, and tearful eyes, and returned to the old cottage where they drew their first breath, and where they had always lived. They entered it for the last time. They must now say "good-bye" to it, for dear though it was to them, it could no longer be *their* home. They must leave it, for others would soon claim the shelter of its roof.

"Good-bye! dear old home!" said Charles, as they stood on the hill that overlooked the little village, and were taking a last fond look of their once happy home. And as they sadly gazed, the tears flowed hot and fast down their cheeks, pale and wan with grief.

They had been dearly loved, and tenderly reared by their parents, and were taught by them to read and write, and to play on the guitar and sing, for they had sweet voices, and were very fond of music. And now that they were alone, and orphans, all that they could do to support themselves, was to play and sing for those who would be kind enough to listen to their artless songs, and give a few pennies for the pleasure thus afforded them.

"Oh!" said Edwin, "how sad it is to leave the old cottage, perhaps never again to come back! It makes my heart ache to go away with the thought that we may never see it again."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said his brother, "it is very sad to leave it. But then, we will come back again. We will go to distant countries and will sing and play, and earn money and who knows but we may return some day and live in this very house again? Stranger things than this have happened. I have read them in the pretty books we used to have, before father and mother were sick, and they had to be sold to get food for us to eat. We must have good courage, trust in Providence, and we shall yet be prosperous and happy."

"Yes," replied Edwin, "we will try to earn money, and if we are good and useful, and love each other, we shall not be quite alone in the world. God, who is our heavenly Father, will send His Holy Angels to take care of us, and protect us from harm.

So they started on their journey with hopeful hearts. They visited many towns and villages, singing their touching little songs. Almost every one they met, had a kind look or word for them, and there were but few who forgot to give them a trifle in exchange for their music. They soon collected money enough to pay their passage to England, and bidding adieu to their native land, the vessel was soon upon the bosom of the great deep, with nothing above but the blue sky and the waste of waters beneath. After several weeks they landed upon the shores of Old England, the home of their parents in early life. And as they wandered along from village to village, they sang some pleasant little air which often brought tears to the eyes of the simple cottagers, who were touched with pity at their melancholy story.

Here is one of their songs. It is very simple, for it was written by Edwin, who was very fond of poetry, and frequently amused himself by writing verses. It

was set to a plaintive air, composed by his brother:

"Oh, listen to the simple tale
The cheerless orphans tell;
Our childhood's home was in a vale
Where peace and plenty dwell.

But bitter was our portion, when
Our cherished parents died,
And we were left *so* lonely then,
With none on earth to guide.

And now we roam without a friend
And sing at every door,
Content with what the good may lend
To help the honest poor.

Then turn not scornfully away,
For though our song is sad,
A smile, or word of kindness, may
Have power to make us glad!

When night overtook them, they would find a resting place in the home of some peasant, whose inmates always seemed glad to show their willingness to serve them, by getting them a good warm supper, and giving them a nice comfortable bed for their repose.

One evening, after they had been walking all day, and were very tired, they came to a beautiful little villa, surrounded with trees and half-hidden by shubbery and creeping vines. It looked so inviting and pleasant, they went in to seek food and rest. An old gentleman and his wife who seemed to be the sole occupants of the dwelling, bade them welcome, and gave them seats. And while the lady was getting supper, Edwin, at the request of the good people, related their simple history. After he had finished, the old man, whose head was silvered o'er with age and who had listened with the greatest interest, asked Edwin what their father's name was? When he heard the boy say Albert Wyndham, he started from his seat and eagerly enquired the name of their mother. "Agnes," was the answer. He turned to his wife, the tears filling his eyes, and almost choking his utterance and exclaimed, "our own dear Agnes! and these are her children, the twin blossoms of whom she has so often written us! God has guided them to us! "They then most tenderly embraced their grand-children and said they should find a home with them, and no longer be obliged to wander about from place to place, picking up a scanty support.

And so the orphan brothers lived with these aged people till they grew up to be men. After the death of their grand parents, they sold the property, which had descended to them, and returned to their own country, so great was their desire to possess the old family mansion, which they had left in such loneliness and grief in their early years.

As they entered the village, there stood the old house looking pretty much as it used to, only a little older and more weather beaten. They were now able to purchase it, which they shortly after did. They could not forget however, the sad time when they were obliged to leave their home; and now, after many years' absence, that they were once more beneath its kindly roof, they breathed a silent prayer to Him who had watched over and protected them from so many trials and privations.

"Don't you remember," said Charles, "that I said, as we were starting on our journey, we might one day return and live in this very house again. I felt in my heart that we should come back, and now that we are here, I cannot help thinking God's holy angels have ever watched over us, and guided us to our loved early home. Let us never forget that dear Friend, who has been so kind to us, and always learn to trust in Him, and let us evince our gratitude by being kind and good to the poor and suffering, not forgetting, that we, like them, were once unfortunate.

Utica, N. Y.

Original.

THE DEAR PLANT.

BY THERSESA.

'I will give you a slip of that dear plant, Louisa,' said I to a favorite young friend, who was admiring the starry flowers of a little green vine, that graced my window, "and you may take one that will soon be in blossom if you like."

I think you had better not take one this winter," said her father, who heard the conversation, "you will have so much to do." "I want something for company," said the poor girl, in a low sorrowful tone that went at once to the father's heart, and he quickly replied; "take it then Lizzy, take it; have anything you want."

Poor Lizzy! her sorrowing heart yearned for something to care for, that would beguile the long hours of their weariness, in her lonely and desolate home. She was an only daughter, and but a few weeks had passed since she had followed to the grave her mother, and an elder and only brother. The dew of early sorrow had moistened her dark intelligent eyes, and given a thoughtful seriousness to the expression of her fair countenance, a look of womanly grace and beauty that was far beyond her years. Like the beautiful plant we have named above, whose tender vines need some gentle hand to train them, and the warm sunshine to expand their beauty, so did Lizzie's tender heart need the sunshine of love to dispel the dark shadows that hovered around it, and a mother's gentle hand to guide her in life's duties.

"Do you not feel more lonely some days than others, Lizzy?" I inquired. "It is so with myself, especially when the outer world is dark and gloomy." "I do," she replied: "but when this loneliness oppresses me beyond endurance, I go to the room where my mother died, and it seems a relief to my feelings, and more pleasant than any other." "And does not the world seem as lonely to you everywhere, as it seems at home?" When I go to the places my mother was accustomed to visit, and meet with the friends who shared her acquaintance, the memory of the past returns again with all its freshness and I feel more deeply sensible of her loss." "You would have felt her loss less keenly if your brother had been spared to share life's sorrows with you."

"When brother died," she said, "it seemed like taking all; it was only for my sake that he wished to live."

He was not her own brother; yet Lizzy loved him as truly, for she knew no other. She loved the bright and beautiful things of earth, and she felt that it would be some consolation to have even a little flower for company. The long cold winter would seem less dreary; she would keep it in a warmer corner of her room, and its little green vines would flourish and blow, and she would not feel alone.

How strongly does the sensitive heart cling to something for companionship—something to love and cherish. When friends have departed, or become estranged, and life has seemed to me dark and dreary, I have gazed at a few cherished flowers, and felt there was yet *something* left that was bright and beautiful; they have awakened pleasant thoughts and better feelings and with a more cheerful heart I have returned again to life's duties.

GREATNESS.

Was there ever a man who became famous that had not great obstacles to surmount in his career? We doubt if there ever was. The character of greatness seems to be great in proportion to the amount of conquering power exhibited. It is the one principle which comprehends all greatness, although the manifestations of it are so dissimilar. Capacity is the basis of distinction, and energy and labor the methods of its attainment; and these are the means by which all men rise above their fellows, and gain an ascendency over them. Great men behold certain relations to exist between apparently opposing principles and matters, and, with the energy of faith, they toil on towards their hidden object, until they climb above the general world and ascend into the world of greatness. Hard is the task to climb into the niches of Fame's proud temple; rough and cold is the road; but rougher and stronger than the rocks that strew it are the men who toil over it. Up they climb from the cottages and lowly homes of the world; over Alps and Alps do they stride, heaving the millstone of prescription from their towering heads, and bursting into the sunshine of glory, despite of all that circumstances could do to keep them. Search any department of genius, ye students of biography—look into any province of man's mental and spiritual kingdom—and there will you assuredly find a child of poverty to claim your homage and to win it.—*Williamsburgh Daily Times.*

Children Poisoned.—Three children—two of Mr. Lanagan's and one of Mr. Myers's—who live in house 45 Atkinson-st. having eaten some poisonous ointment which was carelessly left within their reach on a mantlepiece, came very near dying yesterday. —[Boston Courier, 29th.

NORTH BRANCH ASSOCIATION.

A Conference of this Association of Universalists will be held at Covington-corners, Tioga, Pa., the last Saturday and Sunday of July. Services will commence on Saturday at 10 1-2 o' clock A. M. All lovers of truth and righteousness are invited to attend and partake of the gospel feast.

H. E. Whitney, Standing Clerk.

NEW JERSEY STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

The Convention will hold its Annual Session on the first Wednesday and following Thursday, (1st and 2d) in August, 1849, at Newark, N. J.

Will the different Societies in the State appoint their delegates, and the friends generally attend the meeting, as the Univeaslists of Newark will greet you all with a warm welcome. James Gallager, Stand. Clk.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Williamsburgh: Br. J. D. Williamson will preach in the morning, and Br. E. N. Chapin in the afternoon of to-moorow.

Br. Lyon will preach at Westport on the last Sunday of this month.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Weston, Ct., Sunday July 22d, morning and afternoon.

Br. W. Tompkins will preach in the Universalist house at the Forge, in the town of Marshal, Oneida Co., N. Y. on the fourth Sunday in July at the usual hours, morning and afternoon.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Usher, please send to this office No. 9 last Vol. Miscellany.

Br. Whittemore, please stop the Trumpet hitherto directed to me: Send bill, and charge this office. H. L.

NOTICE.

The Connecticut Convention of Universalists will hold its annual Session in Norwich, on Wednesday and Thursday, 22d and 23d of August next. The Council will be organized at the Church, on Wednesday, at 9 o'clock, A. M. Public religious services will be held in the morning, afternoon, and evening of each day. Bro. Moses Ballou, will deliver the Occasional Sermon.

Delegates from Hartford, Co. Association: H. B. Soule, A. L. Loveland, T. P. Abell, clerical; Martin Fancher, N. Granby, J. B. Clark, Poquonock; A. Woodruff, Hartford; W. Thayer, Winsted; W. Gladden, Berlin; W. S. Camp, Middletown, Lay.

Delegates from Southern Association: M. Ballou, J. J. Twiss, Henry Glover, clerical; B. Fuller, Westport; J. F. Lockwood, Stamford, J. P. Booth, Stratford, N. B. Dibble, Danbury; D. Pendletown, Bridgeport; Herman Fairchild, Newtown, Lay.

W. A. Stickney, Standing Clerk.

N. B. Will Trumpet please copy.

UNION SOCIETY OF S. S. TEACHERS.

The regular monthly meeting of the above Society will be held in the Lecture room of the Bleecker-street church on Monday evening, July 23d, at 8 o'clock. Can we not have a full attendance of the Teachers of the several Schools? If we can, it will add much to the interest of the meeting.

The superintendents of the different Schools within the bounds of the Association, will please give the above notice to their Teachers.

I. Tinkey, Recording Secretary.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Wednesday morning, June 6th, 1849, of Cholera, Mr. Edward G. Sturges, formerly of the State of Maine. Eastern papers please copy.

In Brighton, June 1st, 1849, Horace Toncray, in the 52d year of his age. His funeral was attended on the 3d, when the writer delivered a discourse on the occasion to a very large congregation of people who assembled to perform the last solemn duty to departed worth. The writer had not the pleasure of an acquaintance with Br. T, but that he was a man of sound judgment, honest and upright, and a sincere Christian, his neighbors bear ample testimony.

May the Gospel of the grace of God comfort all that mourn his departure. Wm. Hard.

New-York Cattle Market....Monday, July 9.

At market, 1,400 Beef Cattle, (all Southern,) 50 Cows and Calves, and 5,000 Sheep and Lambs.

Beef Cattle.—Business has been pretty brisk during the week and prices on the whole are a little firmer. We quote sales good retailing qualities at from 7 to 8 1-4c. A lot of 100 were driven to Brighton. Left over, near 200.

Cows and Calves—Sold at $20 50 to $30a45 50,

Sheep and Lambs—Sheep sell at from 1 50 to $2 75a$5 50, as in quality; Lambs at from $1 75 to $3 50.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	$4 62a5 75	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	$11 10a11 50
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	95a98	" Prime, "	8 50
" Western, "	100a102	Lard, per lb., dull	7
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	300	Cheese, "	3a6
Corn, round, per bush.,	56a57	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	13a15
" mixed, "	53a55	" Western "	10
" New Orleans, "	52a—	" Ohio Common,	9
Rye, "	56 1 2	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	32 34	" L'pool grnd, sack,	102a105
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	10 75a11	" " fine, "	1 11a113
" Prime, "	$9 25	Wool, pulled and fleece,	24 a 25

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	60a62	Timothy Seed, tierce,	heavy.
Hops, per lb.,	8a11	Clover " per lb.,	dull.
Feathers, live American,	35 37	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	8 10	bushel,	no sales.